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Money in the Movies

A Husky Dusky Mellow-Dramer

By
JAY CLAY POWERS

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1917

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Money in the Movies

CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced, March 24, 1916, at The Grand Opera House, San Antonio, Texas, by Post D., T. P. A., Texas Division, under the author's direction.*)

BILLY WILLIAMS, *proprietor of the New Goosie Hotel*	*Tom Miller*
TOMMY TOADVINE, *a bell-hop*	*Harold Kayton*
LITTLE EVA, *a chambermaid*	*D. L. Bourland*
MOSE, *a porter*	*Geo. Fenner*
AMOS ALLEN, *a crook*	*P. C. Hoyer*
ELOISE, *an octoroon*	*Chas. P. Schultz*
SAM DOLLINGER, *whose maxim is "Get the money"*	*Gus Withoff*
PEWEE COTHRAN, *Sam's protégé*	*Udo Haarmann*
A DETECTIVE	*Geo. P. Burnett*
TWO POLICEMEN	*Max Jesse* *Frank Gittinger*
A QUARTETTE OF WAITERS	*Fred Langsdorf* *B. L. Simms* *J. C. Simms* *Chas. Hackenjos*

TIME.—The present.

PLACE.—Lobby of the New Goosie Hotel.

$0.25

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MAR 15 1917

no 1.

Money in the Movies

SCENE.—*Lobby of hotel. Door* C.; *door* R., *over which is a sign that reads, "Bar and Pool"; door* L., *with sign over it that reads, "Dining-room." Across corner of stage at back* R. *there is a counter on which are a register and a telephone. A bench at back* L.; *chairs and cuspidors at convenient places.*

(*Before the curtain rises, the quartette of waiters are heard singing off* L. *They cease singing after curtain is well up.* FIRST WAITER, *followed by the other three waiters, enters* L. *Discover* TOMMY TOADVINE, *seated on bench back* L., *devouring a detective story, oblivious to the singing.*)

FIRST W. How'd you like dat harmony, Tommy? . . . Tommy! . . . Oh, shucks, dat kid's detective readin' agin.

Enter BILLY WILLIAMS, R., *in shirt-sleeves, billiard-cue in hand.*

BILLY. You niggers shet up singin'; you're givin' me bad luck.

FIRST W. Yas, suh.

BILLY. Is dinner ready?

FIRST W. Yas, suh, hit am.

BILLY. Take yo' places in de dinin'-room, den.

WAITERS (*severally*). Yas, suh; yas, suh; we'll do dat very thing. [*Exeunt,* L.

(*Telephone bell rings.*)

BILLY. Tommy, you scoundrel, answer dat 'phone!

TOM. Yas, siree, boss! (*Jumps up; goes to telephone.*) Hello, hello, hell—— . . . It ain't out yit, Miss Eloise.

. . . No, ma'am. . . . Yas, ma'am. . . . Cert'ny. . . . Sure! (*Hangs up.*)

BILLY. Nigger-boy, whut kind ob monkey-talk is dat?

TOM. Hit's dat lady and gen'man in forty-fo'. Dey wants to see a copy ob de seben o'clock addition ob de *Santone Light* soon's it's out.

BILLY. Well, you clod-hoppin' toad-frog, see dat you gits 'um one. Don't let nobody disturb me—I've got a sucker on de string in de pool-room dat I wants to unload on. [*Exit,* R.

TOM. Whoebber dat sucker is, I wisht dat he'd unload on yo' round bullit haid with a billiard-cue. (*Pause.*) Dere's somethin' mysterious 'bout dat Miss Eloise and her uncle, Mr. Allen, in forty-fo'. Dey is too all-fired nerbous. Stay too close to deir rooms. Ring up de orffice too much. Let's see whut mah correspondence cose with Shilo Dub's Risin'-Moon Detective Agency has got to say on de subjec'. (*Takes book from pocket; turns pages; reads.*) Oh, here 'tis. "Hotels. —When a man and a woman register at a hotel, and appear ill at ease, or act unnatchal in any partic'lar, den hit's safe to surmise dat dey're not whut dey repersents demse'ves to be." Dat's de water in de cocoanut! Dat nigger and his niece—if she is his niece—is impostures and counterfeits. I'm gona keep mah detective eye on 'um. (*Enter* AMOS ALLEN *and* ELOISE, C.) Here dey is now.

ELO. Boy?

TOM. Yas, Miss?

ELO. Take this half dollah and get me a paper soon's they're out.

TOM. Yas, Miss.

ELO. You may keep the change.

TOM. Yas, Miss! [*Exit,* C.

(ELO. *goes to door* C., *looks after* TOM. *cautiously; then to door* R., *and to door* L.)

ELO. Sh, sh! What's to be done, Amos? I'm certain that man across the street watching this hotel is a detective.

AMOS. And, if he is,—what then?

Enter TOM., C., *cautiously; he conceals himself behind counter.*

ELO. We must rid ourselves of the money and papers.

AMOS. But how?

ELO. I don't know. Throw them away—give them away —anything!

AMOS. Not much! Eloise, listen to me. If you think I'm goin' to throw away ten thousand dollahs and valuable papers merely because you think we've been shadowed ——

ELO. I tell you, Amos, I don't merely think it—I know it. You got me into this—remember that. When you coaxed me from home, I was innocent as the driven snow. This job was your frame-up. I pretended to be the missin' heiress and got the ten thousand and the papers, but I did it as your tool—not of my own free will and accord.

AMOS. Calm yourself, Eloise. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred we've not been shadowed at all. But if your suspicion proves true, I'll ditch the money and papers on to the first sucker who happens along, and you and I will make our get-away.

ELO. Oh, thank you, Amos—thank you!

AMOS. Now you're your own brave little self again. Dinner is served; shall we sup, my charmer?

ELO. I'll try to be brave. I'll take a double order of "ham and ——," if you please. [*Exeunt*, L.

TOM. (*coming from behind counter*). So dat's de ticket! Dey're crooks and has stole ten thousand dollahs from a missin' heiress. De *Santone Light* seben o'clock addition 'll gib me de clue to de whole sitch-um-wation, else why is dey so anxious to see a copy ob dat paper? (*Enter* LITTLE EVA, C., *playfully. She sneaks up behind* TOM.) But Tommy Toadvine, local representative ob Shilo Dub's Risin'-Moon Detective Agency'll show 'um a thing or two.

EVA (*slapping* TOM. *between the shoulders*). Betcher life!

TOM. Gee! Little Eva, you skeered me.

EVA. Say, Tommy?

TOM. Whut is it?

EVA. Let's play mummelly-peg.

TOM. I ain't gona play nothin'. Can't you see I'm busy?

EVA. No, 'tain't business, Mr. Toadvine. I've took notice for some time dat you keered no mo' for me. Po' little me—a orphan by birth—ain't good ernuff for you. Oh, mother, mother, why did you die? (*Goes to door*, R.)

TOM. Little Eva!

EVA. Yis?

TOM. One word more, befo' you goes out ob mah life fo'ebber.

EVA. Yis, yis?

TOM. De truf is, I expire to mount de ladder ob ambition and be a great detective like Shilo Dub. And I'm afeered I'd be unable to tote you up dat ladder with me. For de las' time —farewell!

EVA. Good-bye, cruel, cruel man. [*Exit*, R.

TOM. Now dat I've successfully spurned Little Eva's intentions, I feels better. To git de clue from dat evenin' paper, run dem crooks to yearth, restore de missin' heiress her fortune and den marry her is mah next move. Ah, Shilo, things is comin' mah way fast. [*Exit*, C.

Enter MOSE, C., *followed by* SAM DOLLINGER, *carrying a carpet-sweeper fixed up in imitation of a motion-picture camera, and* PEWEE COTHRAN, *carrying a suit-case in each hand, and a trunk tied to his back with a rope.*

MOSE. Here we is, gen'min, at de New Goosie. Best hostellery in dis section catterin' to cullud gentry only.

SAM. It's eemense—eemense!

MOSE. To yo' right's de bar and pool-room; to de left ——

PEW. Look a here, nigger—whut kind ob dray-hoss does you think I is? Unload me, black-man, and do hit quick!

SAM. Assist him, Porter.

MOSE. Cert'ny, Mr. Dollinger—whutebber you say. (*Unloads* PEW.) Does you feel easier, now?

PEW. Hit don't make no diffunce to nobody how I feels.

MOSE. Cert'ny not; cert'ny not.

PEW. (*fiercely*). Whut's dat? Whut's dat?

SAM. C'am yo'sef, Pewee; c'am yo'sef. Porter, notify de landlawd ob our arrival.

MOSE. Yas, suh. I spec he's in de pool-room—he mos' usually allus is. Whut kind ob a room does you-all want?

SAM. De bridal chamber.

MOSE. Yas, suh; I'll tell 'im. [*Exit*, R.

SAM. I must remonstrate with you, Pewee ——

PEW. Nigger, you'd bes' dry up while de dryin's good.

SAM. But won't you gib me a explanation ob yo' conduct?

PEW. I'm mighty tempted to gib you a sleepin'-powder wif dis here rapid-fire gun. (*His fist.*) Whut license did you hab to tell dat lop-year'd hotel porter he needn't mind to hep me wif dis baggage?

SAM. You don't understand, Pewee—you can't comperhend ——

PEW. Yas, youse mighty fine now, but how was hit when I fust met you two weeks ago? Den I had money and you was broke. I was a travelin'-man—a T. P. A.—wif seben dollahs and 'leben cents in mah pocket, and dat dere sample patent carpet-sweeper under mah arm.

SAM. Yas, and how many carpet-sweepers had you sold? Nary a one. You let dat white man swindle you out ob seventy-five dollahs for one measly little old sample sweeper and de right to take orders, and den you perceeded not to sell none.

PEW. Yas, and den you come 'long and swindled me some mo'. You talked me out of mah las' seben dollahs and 'leben cents and bought dis here second-hand baggage wif hit, busted up mah sample sweeper and insisted on mah actin' like I was yo' lackey. Loaded me down perzac'ly like I was a pack-mule.

SAM. I wouldn't let de porter hep you 'cause he'd 'a' know'd de baggage was empty—and on empty baggage you can't git de bes' room in a hotel 'thout payin' in advance.

PEW. Nigger, will you tell me one little thing?

SAM. Yas.

PEW. Ain't you done busted loose out ob a 'sylum?

SAM. When we went in pardners didn't you 'gree to 'low me to run de business to suit mahsef?

PEW. Yas, but you done run hit in de ground and made a roustabout out'n me. How we gwine to eat? I smells vittles right now.

SAM. Jes' leave all dat to me. You'll see de unfoldin' ob mah secret plan in 'bout a minute and a hafe.

Enter BILLY, R., *followed by* MOSE.

MOSE. Dat dere is de gen'man, Mr. Williams.

BILLY. I'm de pro-pri-e-tor ob de New Goosie. Was you lookin' for 'commodations, Mr.—Mr.——

SAM. Dollinger. Sam Dollinger, capitalist. I'd like de best suit ob rooms you've got.

BILLY. How long does you purpose to stay?

SAM. Oh, indefinitely—indefinitely.

BILLY. And yo' business is——?

SAM. President ob de Fite-a-calf Motion Pitcher Comp'ny.

PEW. Gawd!

BILLY. And dat thing in yo' hand is a—a——?

SAM. One ob our movin' pitcher cameras, to be shore.

PEW. Is I dreamin'?

BILLY. Gee, I'm nutty over de movies. Eb'rybody is at de New Goosie. You kin hab de bridal suit for nine dollahs a day.

(BILLY *goes behind counter;* SAM *registers.*)

PEW. Nine dollahs a day! I see our finish—defraudin' a inn-keeper, forty years.

BILLY. Mose, tell Little Eva to git de bridal suit ready.

MOSE. Yas, suh. [*Exit,* R.

BILLY. I don't 'spose dere's any stock for sale in de Fite-a-calf Comp'ny?

SAM. Fru de settlemint ob a estate, dere is a little to be had at par. Hit's worth double. Cose I'm gona buy hit mahsef. Dere's money in de movies.

BILLY. I've got a thousand dollahs I'd like mighty well to put into somethin'. You don't play pool, does you?

SAM. Never.

BILLY. Den I don't mind tellin' you—I won dat thousand ketchin' suckers at pool.

SAM. You're de very man I needs in mah motion pitcher actor comp'ny. De fust requisite ob a heavy man—or villyun type ob actor—is dat he must be a good pool-player.

BILLY. I didn't know pool-playin' had anything to do with actin'.

SAM. Ah, dat's 'cause you're misinformed. De handlin' ob a billiard cue dexterously is de bes' trainin' in de world for de villyun type ob actor. Makes his handlin' ob clubs, black-jacks and bludgeons come so natchal. If you'll 'gree to be a actor in mah comp'ny I'll let you hab one thousand dollahs worth ob stock at par, and put you on de salary list at fifty dollahs per week.

BILLY. Would hit interfere with mah work here?

SAM. Not in de least. Whut does you say? Hit's jest a favor to you, you know—jest 'cause I've took a fancy to you.

BILLY. Here's de thousand. Count hit at yo' leisure and hab de stock transferred to me.

PEW. (*has listened intently*). Dat nigger is a wonder!

Enter MOSE, R.

MOSE. Little Eva'll be 'long drec'ly. I'se got to meet de Katy Flyer. [*Exit,* C.

SAM. Is dinner served?

BILLY. Yas, suh. Jest walk right into de dinin'-room. I'll hab yo' baggage sent up, and den jine you.

SAM. Mah man here allus handles de comp'ny baggage. Dat trunk and dem suit-cases contains over twenty thousand dollahs worth ob delicate motion pitcher apparatus.

PEW. Yas, Mr. Williams, he's tellin' you right—and I don't mind handlin' dis baggage a-tall.

BILLY. Oh, all right.

SAM. Since leavin' New Yawk ——

[*Exit* SAM, L., *followed by* BILLY.

PEW. New Braunfels, Sam means. Golly, dat nigger is some pro-mo-ter. Hit took 'im jest a minute to git a thousand dollahs. Hafe ob dat is mine. Let's see. Five hunderd dollahs a minute. Dat must be 'bout a billion and a hafe dollahs a day. (*Enter* EVA, R., *broom in hand and sheets over arm.*) Um! whut hab we here? Whither away, little one?

EVA. Kind suh, do not detain me, I prithee. I'm a orphan, and afeered ob strangers. Oh, mother!

PEW. Don't be afeered, I won't bite. I'm not a ordinary trablin' man, I ain't.

EVA. Den whut is you?

PEW. I'm secertary to de pres'dent ob de Fite-a—Fite-a—Fite-a-cat Motion Pitcher Comp'ny.

EVA. Oh, ain't dat grand! I've allus wanted to be a actress mahsef. I'd jest love to be a hero-wine.

PEW. Um! Um! How much mazuma is you got?

EVA. A dollah and forty cents. I saved hit fum mah wages as chambermaid. You know I was left a orphan —— Oh, mother!

PEW. Don't cry. You is de very lady we needs in our comp'ny. We're short a hero-wine—whutebber dat is—and de fust requisite ob a hero-wine is dat she must be a good chambermaid.

EVA. I didn't know makin' up beds, and sweepin' and moppin' had anything to do with actin'.

PEW. Ah, dat's 'cause youse misinformed. Youse got to know how to make up, mop up and make a clean sweep to make good in de movies dese days. If you'll 'gree to be a actor in our comp'ny I'll let you hab a dollah and forty cents' worth ob stock at per, and'll put you on de celery list at fifteen cents a week. Dar's money in de movies.

EVA. Wouldn' hit conflic' wid mah wuk here?

PEW. Not in the least. I'm jest doin' hit 'cause I've took sech a fancy to you.

EVA (*producing money from her stocking*). Here's de money, den, dearie. (*Gives money to* PEW.) Whut's yo' name, Cutie?

PEW. Mah name's Pewee.

EVA. Whut a enticin' name.

PEW. Does you like me, baby?

EVA. I think I could learn to, if you was kind to me, suh. Oh, moth ——!

PEW. Don't say hit! You've made me so happy wif yo' dollah and—I means wif yo' doll and cute-like ways, dat I'm gona sing you a littlé song. (*Sings parody,* WAITERS *coming to door* L. *and joining in chorus.* EVA *dances chorus with* PEW.) Come on, chile, and hep me take dis baggage up to de bridal chamber.

EVA. Yas, mah 'ittle cutie-boy.

PEW. Chicken, youse gittin' sweeter to me eb'ry minute. Kiss yo' papa.

EVA. Oh, man! (*Kisses him.*)

[*They exeunt,* C., *with baggage.*

Enter TOM., R., *with newspaper.*

TOM. Did I find de clue to dat Allen's and Eloise's mysterious actions? Well, I reckon. Yas, siree, boss. (*Reads.*) "Big swindle; mysterious yaller gal 'personates missin' heiress; gits away with money and valuable papers; believed to hab had male confederate; sleuths on de trail ob de pair."

Enter AMOS *and* ELO., L.

ELO. Boy, is that the paper I sent you for?

TOM. Yassum.

(*Gives* ELO. *the paper. Goes to bench* L. *and pretends to go to sleep.*)

ELO. (*glancing at head-lines of paper*). Amos, come here! It's all up with us!

AMOS. Don't lose your head. Run up to the room and keep an eye on that detective outside; I'll read the article and decide what's best to do.

ELO. All right; but remember you got me into this.

[*Exit,* C.

AMOS. No danger of my being allowed to forget it. Let's see what we're up against. (*Sits; reads paper.*) Hem! I fear the jig *is* up.

Enter SAM *and* BILLY, L.

BILLY. You're shore at de haid ob a preponderous trust, Mr. Dollinger. I'm jest wild to begin makin' pitchers.

(AMOS *observes them, keenly, pretending to read.*)

SAM. De only thing dat's detainin' us is de lack ob actors and a pitcher-story.

BILLY. Is yo' camera in fust-class workin' order?

SAM. Puffect.

BILLY. I'm jest nutty to begin. You plays yo' own leadin' parts, don't you?

SAM. Yas, to be shore. De president ob a pitcher trust allus plays de leadin' rôles. [*They exeunt,* R.

AMOS (*rising*). If worst comes to worst, I've got a scheme. (*Enter* ELO., C., *excitedly.*) Well?

ELO. Two policemen have just joined the detective. Oh, why did I follow you, blindly, like a fool!

AMOS. Hush! All is not yet lost. I have a plan. Have you got nerve enough left to do as I bid you?

ELO. Yes. I'm nearly distracted; I'll do anything you say. (*Sees* TOM.) Amos, that bell-boy!

AMOS. He's asleep. (*Enter* SAM *and* BILLY, R.) Follow my lead.

ELO. I will.

AMOS. Pardon me, gentlemen; did I understand you to say a moment ago that you were in need of actors and a picture-play?

BILLY. Yas, suh, you did. Mr. Dollinger, this is Mr. Allen and his niece, Miss Eloise.

SAM. Charmed to meet you both, I'm shore.

ELO. Thanks.

AMOS. My niece is very much infatuated with the movies. She aspires to become an actress. I am somewhat of a play-wright.

SAM. Den we might make a deal whereby you-all could take some stock in mah comp'ny and be actors and play-writes.

AMOS. That would suit me on one condition.

SAM. Name hit.

AMOS. The condition is, that we make a trial picture right

now. If this is agreeable I will subscribe for a large block of stock and pay the money cash down. (*Exhibits roll of bills.*)

SAM. Ob cose you know we couldn't finish de pitcher so's you could see hit for a few days.

AMOS. Oh, that doesn't matter.

SAM. Den yo' proposition listens good to me. Whar's mah valet, Pewee? He has de comp'ny camera.

BILLY. Tommy, you triflin' scamp, git up from dar!

TOM. Yas, siree, boss.

BILLY. Go fetch Mr. Dollinger's man, Pewee, and de camera.

TOM. Yas, suh. [*Exit*, C.

SAM. Whar's de story-play?

AMOS. In my head. As you probably know, Mr. Dollinger, bein' president of a first-class company yourself, the last scene of a movie is always the first scene made.

SAM. Dat's right.

AMOS. The author directs the production and the president plays the leadin' rôle.

SAM. Yas.

AMOS. Fortunately, the last scene of my play is laid in the lobby of a swell hotel.

BILLY. Dat's shore a coincident.

Enter PEW., C., *with camera, followed by* TOM.

SAM. Pewee, bring de camera here, and I'll focus hit for you.

PEW. (*taking camera to* SAM *at* R.). Whut you gona do wif hit?

SAM (*placing camera*). We're gona make a trial pitcher. Dis gen'man is a perspective stockholder.

PEW. Well, de camera's in fust-class shape, Mr. Dollinger.

SAM. Now, Pewee, when I says "shoot," den you begin to crank.

PEW. Cert'ny, Mr. Pres'dent.

SAM. De camera's in position. Do yo' di-rectin', Mr. Allen.

AMOS. Very well. Mr. Dollinger has defrauded a missin' heiress out of ten thousand dollahs and valuable papers. Here are the money and papers. Put them in your pocket. (SAM *does so.*) You had a female accomplice, who has since committed suicide. Pursued by a detective you take refuge in this hotel because you love the landlord's daughter. Mr. Williams

will play the landlord; Eloise, the daughter; and I will play the detective. Eloise is seated in this chair, reading. Mr. Dollinger enters picture and confesses to her that he is a crook, that a detective is waiting for him outside, that he must fly at once and insists on her accompanying him. She refuses; he seizes her; she screams. Mr. Williams rushes in and struggles with Mr. Dollinger. Eloise rushes up stage and cries, "Police!" The detective—myself—rushes in and asks what's the matter. Mr. Dollinger confesses that he has robbed the missin' heiress, with the aid of an accomplice, who has committed suicide; and that the money and papers are in his inside pocket. That's all.

SAM. Dat'll make a great scene.

BILLY. It's heroic.

PEW. Hit's blood curdlin'.

AMOS. You actors must look straight ahead of you all the time, and not back at anybody who speaks to you from behind.

SAM. Oh, I understands all ob dem things.

PEW. Yas, he's de pres'dent and ring-tail-tooter ob de Fite-a-cat Comp'ny.

AMOS. All right. Places!

(SAM, *down* R.; ELO. *sits in chair;* BILLY, *down* L.; TOM., *behind counter;* PEW., *at camera, down* R.; AMOS, *just outside,* C.)

SAM. Focus de camera on de lady, Pewee.

PEW. Focusin's mah speci*al*ity. Let 'er go!

SAM. All right. Shoot, Pewee, shoot! (PEW. *grinds crank; dust flies from camera;* SAM *advances toward* ELO.) Eloise!

ELO. Yes, dear, what is it?

SAM. I has a confession to make to you.

ELO. (*rising*). A confession? You startle me.

SAM. I ain't whut I seem ——

PEW. He shore ain't.

SAM. A detective is outside; he's after me; I'm a crook ——

PEW. Yas, he got mah seben-'leben.

SAM. I wants you to fly with me instantly.

ELO. Never! I am an honest girl—a hotel-keeper's only daughter. I'll not fly with a law-breaker.

SAM. You shall!

ELO. I will not!

SAM. I'll fo'ce you! (*Seizes* ELO.)

ELO. Loose me; loose me, I say!
SAM. Not much.
ELO. Help! Help! (*Screams.*) Father, save me!
BILLY. I will, mah dorter!

(*Rushes at* SAM. SAM *throws* ELO. *from him and grapples with* BILLY; *they wrestle.* ELO. *runs to back* C.)

ELO. Police! Police! Murder! Police!

(AMOS *seizes* ELO. *by wrist and draws her to door*, L.; *they exeunt, stealthily.*)

TOM. I smells a mouse. (*Pulls pistol.*) Tommy Toadvine's on de trail! [*Exit, quickly*, L.
PEW. Dat bell-hop done sp'iled de pitcher.

Enter WAITERS, L.

WAITERS. Whut's up, whut's de trouble?

Enter MOSE, R.

MOSE. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter DETECTIVE, C., *followed by two policemen.*

DETECT. Here, here, whut's de racket?
PEW. Here's de shore 'nuff cops.

(*Quits grinding crank.* BILLY *and* SAM *turn loose of each other.*)

DETECT. Whut's de row about?
BILLY. Dis man attack-ded mah dorter and I come to her rescue.
DETECT. Whut hab you got to say for yo'sef, young feller?
SAM. De jig's up. I confesses all. Me and mah woman confederate is wanted for stealin' de missin' heiress's money and papers.
DETECT. (*to policemen*). Dis is a important capture. (*To* SAM.) Whar is yo' female confederate?
SAM. Committed suicide. I've got de money and papers in mah inside pocket. (*The policemen take hold of* SAM'S *arms.*) 'Fore de Lawd, dese am real cops!
DETECT. Whut'd you think we was? (*Takes money and papers from* SAM'S *pocket.*) Here's de swag, all right.

SAM. Say, is dis a joke on me? Why—why—whar's Mr. Allen and Miss Eloise?

PEW. Dey hot-footed hit fru de dinin'-room.

DETECT. Whut's dey got to do with dis job?

BILLY. I see de whole thing, now. Allen and Eloise is real crooks, and dar was a real swindle.

DETECT. Cose dar was—de evenin' paper's full ob hit.

SAM. And de real swindlers put up dis job onto me.

DETECT. But you confessed to de deed.

SAM. I was jest play-actin'. I'm a movin' pitcher man.

DETECT. But dis here is de loot.

SAM. Dat's whut I'm tryin' to tell you. I ——

DETECT. You'll hab to tell hit to de chief at headquarters.

Enter AMOS *and* ELOISE, L., *handcuffed together, followed by* TOM. *with drawn revolver.*

PEW. Here's dem two crooks, now.

TOM. Dis is de pair whut robbed de missin' heiress ob her legacy.

DETECT. Yes, I recernizes dem as de parties I trailed to dis hotel. Ah, Tommy, you're goin' to be a great sleuth some day. (*To* AMOS.) Whut you got to say for yo'sef?

AMOS. I'm the party you want.

ELO. So am I. I followed this man, blindly, and—and have got my just deserts. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes.*)

DETECT. Den come erlong.

AMOS. Just a minute, officer. (*To* SAM.) Oh, Mr. Picture President?

SAM. Whut you want?

AMOS. Before I go to jail, I just want to tell you that I know the difference between a camera and a carpet-sweeper. I used to work for a film company.

BILLY (*to* AMOS). Does you mean to say dat dat ain't a movin' pitcher camera a tall?

AMOS. Of course it isn't, you big boob.

BILLY. Look a-here, nigger, whar's mah thousand dollahs?

SAM (*producing money*). Here 'tis, Mr. Williams. Me and Pewee was jest playin' a little joke on you.

PEW. Mr. Dollinger, you needn't 'sinuate dat I knows anything 'bout yo' business transaction wif Mr. Williams. I'm jest yo' man-servant—dat's all de connection I'se got wif you.

Enter EVA, R., *with broom.*

DETECT. Heavens! Who is dat gal?

BILLY. One ob our chambermaids.

PEW. And as sweet as she am fat.

DETECT. She bears a strikin' 'semblance to —— Little gal, hab you a locket 'round yo' neck?

EVA. Yas, here 'tis. (*Exhibits new trace-chain and padlock.*) Mah dyin' mother placed dis little locket 'round mah neck, and whispered in mah year, "Keep dis allus, Little Eva, hit may be de means ob identifyin' you some day." Oh, mother, why did you die? (*Sobs.*)

PEW. (*weeping*). How puffec'ly sad!

DETECT. Whut's engraved on dat locket?

EVA. "To our darlin' Little Eva, from Mom and Pop."

DETECT. Ah, 'tis she, 'tis she! Yo' real name, young lady, is Eva Marie Westbrook. You're de missin' heiress in dis case, and dis ten thousand dollahs and dese papers belongs to you. (*Places money and papers in* EVA'S *hand.*)

PEW. Oh, mama!

BILLY. Congratulations, little Miss Eva. Wouldn't you like to buy a hafe intrust in de New Goosie?

EVA. No, thank you, Mr. Williams. Mah life hab been too full ob hardships here.

TOM. Miss Eva, won't you forgive me and take me back?

EVA. Never! I ain't forgot whut you said 'bout not bein' able to tote me up dat ladder. Git hence!

(*Pushes him away with broom.*)

PEW. How 'bout your cutie-boy, darlin' Eva? I lub'd you when you was obscure—befo' you become rich and famous.

EVA. 'Tis true, 'tis true. Oh, Pewee, me and all I possess is thine. (*Embraces* PEW., *and gives him money and papers.*)

SAM. Don't forgit, Pewee—we's pardners.

PEW. Dis is a brand new deal, Sam, and you ain't in on hit. Unless after I gits into mah mansion I needs a valet. Mose, run fetch a parson; Tommy, git de license clerk on de 'phone; and Mr. Williams, you put de finishin' touches to dat bridal chamber—'cause me and Little Eva's gona put hit to use.

(*All sing and dance fast closing chorus.*)

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